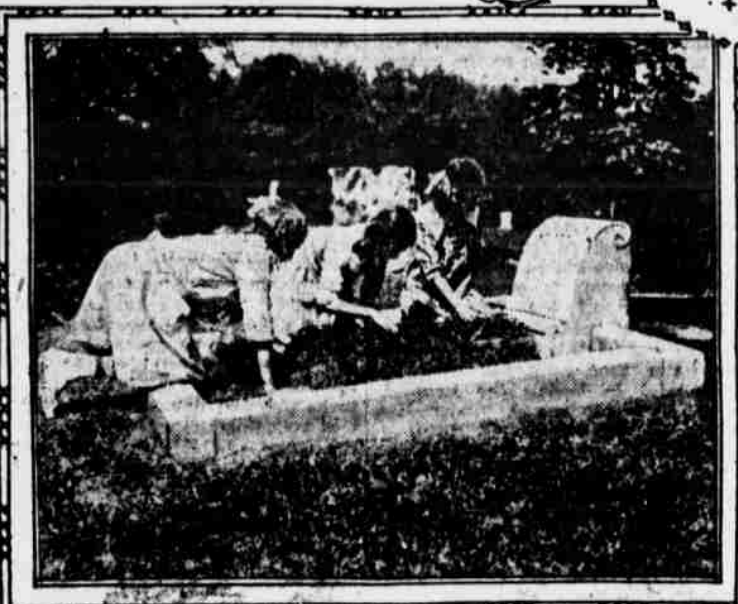


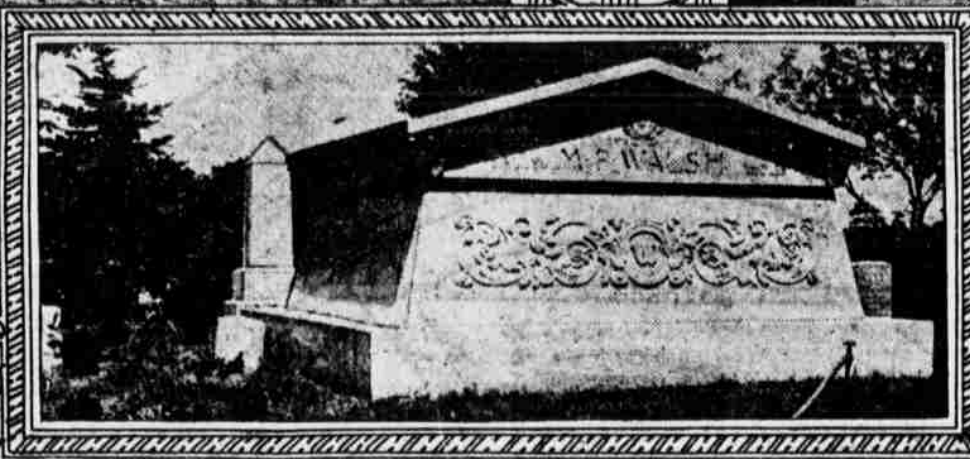
# Hartsdale Canine Cemetery Most Imposing of Its Kind in America



AT THE  
TOMB OF HIS  
PARENTS



THIS SAYS "HERE LIES A DEAR LITTLE FRIEND  
FOR 12 YEARS."



ONE OF THE MORE PRETENTIOUS TOMBS.

A GENERAL VIEW  
OF THE CEMETERY FOR PETS  
Photos © Western Newspaper Union



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

With Pretentious Headstones and Monuments and a Private Vault Reputed to Have Cost \$13,000, This Resting Place for Departed Pets Bears Striking Resemblance to Human Burying Ground Until One Notes the Inscriptions—Not Exclusively for Dogs, as Shown by Graves of Cats, a Lion and a Monkey

owner had his collier's portrait fired in glazed tiles.

The names identify: Laddies, Jocks, Mignona, Cherles, a Mal Ming, a Fidget—be must have been a fox terrier, smooth-coated. "Mon Gyp adore" should have been a French bull, or a French poodle, but the owner's name is Georgian.

"Born a dog. Lived like a gentleman. Died beloved." is the epitaph of three or four; one of them was Skipper Belasco Bates, and belonged of course to Marie Bates or Blanche Bates Creed. At least fifteen pets were superlatively loved and loving. Fogul, a cat that died at seventeen, was "the most loyal and loving cat that ever lived." (What will Maeterlinck say? Speaking of him, a Tylette is buried.)

"Dear Spot." "Our dear little Skip." and the like are favorite formulae. One grave has a white wooden headboard, with strangely black lettering—obviously some sorrowful youngster wanted to make it himself. "Our Sweetheart Jack," was a Gordon setter. Berger was "un collier de 18 ans—note cher et fidele ami."

May Have Been a Dachs.

And here, verbatim, is an inscription around which, in connection with the death rate, any one inclined can weave a profoundly sentimental story:

Under Hebling  
BUSTER.  
Geb. 5. Juni, 1907.  
Gest. 10. Dez., 1917.  
Gestorben, aber nicht vergessen.

Her plot is one of the most "desirable" on the knoll. She motors from Stamford three and four times a week to give it attention. On one side are evergreens, on the other flowers. Here is the inscription on the stone:

OUR RUBY.  
1894-1917.

Here lies a little dog who now  
thinks nothing more of our good will  
Than the gray stone that tells you  
She loved the ones who love her still.

Ruby was a King Charles. Just below is a plot marked with an empty dog basket, not unlike a bassinet, carved from white marble, with a bed of white geraniums in blossom. This is for four Pekes when their times come.

Goldfleck, Rastus and Gladys.

The cemetery is not for dogs exclusively. Cats are well represented. There is one lion, the beautiful young lion Goldfleck, mourned by Princess Vernon Partridge. There is one monkey, Lord Castle's beloved Rastus, which shares the Castle plot with three of his dogs.

"And you'd not guess in a year what's under this," says Thomas Hunt. The names on the stone in question are Commodore and Gladys. Commodore was a dog, but after guessing high and large around the animal kingdom you learn that Gladys, cut off in her prime at three and one-half years, was a pet hen.

The rest are dogs, and the tenants of graves in this cemetery number more than 3,000. Toy breeds and house dogs naturally predominate, but bird dogs and collies most numerous among the bigger kinds. There is nothing to show for Bum's lineage—of several good breeds, like Eugene Field's dog, perhaps. Under glass in the faces of some of the stones are photographs of the lamented. One

The late Chubb was "Mother's Baby Boy and Companion." A contrast is the quiet dignity, which, even those who come to guffaw must feel, of the plain stone lettered:

MIGNON.  
Dearest and Best Friend  
Ada Van Tassel Billington.

The tribute most remarkable is not carved upon a stone, but lettered on the margin of a framed photograph that hangs among others in the reception building. Cherles, however, is buried in the cemetery.

"For eleven years, at church, concert and theatre, in America and Europe, night and day, our constant and devoted companion. She had intelligence and reasoning power beyond measure. She lived a blameless life, never once having done anything wrong. She was loved and is missed by all who knew her, and has left a vacant place in our hearts that can never be filled."

Another photograph is that of Baby Trickle, "faithful to the end—trustfully bringing a dog whip in her mouth. She was a spotted bull terrier. A very French French bull looks down from the wall in his winter sweater. A Boston bull is shown composed in the casket. Senator Vest's of their pets, and as fast as the flowers wither he gathers them up. Bum's is not the only bereft owner who comes often merely to sit beside a

grave. It is curious that the two most famous of modern poems on dogs—William Watson's quatrain epitaph, and Kipling's sad warning against "giving your heart to a dog to fear"—have not been quoted on any of the stones.

Some dead animals come by express, and are held in a cold receiving vault until the owners arrive for the interments. Others are brought in automobiles. One small dog's body was shipped all the way from Italy, and with it a hollow block of Italian marble for a sepulchre, ornamented atop with a carving of a ribboned cushion. Three days after reaching New York, in 1907 Mrs. Stanley Allan-Shepard of Chicago made a vain race across the continent from California to get for her ailing Maltese poodle the attention of the best veterinarians in New York. Beauty, the poodle, had been a gift from the Duke of Manchester. Three days after reaching New York Beauty died at the ripe age of 17. She was buried at Hartsdale in a white plush and satin coffin decorated with gold. Her shroud was her gold collar, bearing her name in diamonds.

The Paths of Glory Lead, &c.

Doubtless no few of these dogs were registered, pedigreed bench show winners. But the solemn registered names appear on only two or three stones. "Ch. Something-or-other" means that the dear departed was a champion. Most people who have lost such dogs and taken them to Hartsdale have mourned them and marked their graves with the homely, familiar kennel names. It is "Our Dear Spot," or "Toby," not "Our Dear Champion

organ which has the harmonious sound of the pumping of the water engine in the cemetery. The grace of the dancers, so far as head, hand and foot movement is concerned, is remarkable, considering they are mere wooden figures.

Following this a jester appears with his three pointed cap and attempts various tricks. His attitude and mannerisms are perfect and the cynical smile on his face is truly typical. The long, pointed clawed shoes are in evidence and he seems well satisfied with himself.

A blacksmith reposes in the background and the anvil and forge accompany his presence. His brawny arms possess the sinewy muscles one finds about in Longfellow and the steady motion and clicking of the anvil is realistic to a high degree.

Then come the soldiers standing at attention. When it is their turn to afford entertainment they march in winding order around the little interior of the theatre with their commander at the head. At times they stop and offer a sham battle.

The millers form a striking figure working at the mills, and here the waterworks are in real evidence. A section of the stage is apportioned off so as to form a sort of cavetto box in which the water is permitted to flow. The water is drawn into the floor of the wooden structure. The foundation rock is here also cut away so that a rush of water is permitted to turn a wheel which starts the mill in operation. Men with upturned sleeves and dishevelled locks are at work making all sorts of toys. Finished dolls, soldiers, drums, &c., are among their completed collection of achievements.

After the performance a curtain drops and one is left delighted and thrilled by these strange pieces of ingenuity.

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By HARRY ESTY DOUNCE.

A man who cares for dogs is one thing; but a man who loves one dog is quite another. Dogs are at the best no more than voracious vagrants, self-scratchers, foul feeders and unclean; but the law of Moses and Mohammed; but a dog with whom one lives alone for at least six months in the year; a free thing, tied to you so strictly by love that without you he will not stir or exercise; a patient, temperate, humorous, wise soul, who knows your moods before you know them yourself, is not a dog under any ruling.—KIPLING.

THE Hartsdale Canine Cemetery is the only thing of its kind short of England and France.

There are burial grounds for animals near New York, but not like this. It lies on the slope of a wooded knoll in semi-suburban Westchester, a good motor road either side, the place secluded in summer by old maples' heavy foliage. From the road it looks through a iron fence like any well kept human cemetery, with headstones, monuments, even an imposing private vault. Motorists passing slowly must be started to read the inscriptions—"MIKE, TRUE BLUE," and Mike's dates. Over a gate in wrought iron work is the name of the institution with the figures 1886.

Here's a hardy perennial newspaper joke—provided you do not own and love a dog. People come on pilgrimage just to laugh. Others come indignant. There are certainly excuses for them both. Among the headstones and monuments you can find examples of atrocious taste, as you can in any human cemetery in the land. On the word of the superintendent, who is a truthful man, the private vault mentioned cost \$13,000, and it took three weeks to winch the pediment stone to the top of the knoll.

The vault is all right as to taste, architecturally. Within reposes a brace of cocker spaniels. There is another vault under ground; in this case the owner and mourner stipulated that the casket should rest on a grill of iron bars four feet above the concrete floor.

The Grave of Bum.

A Bolshevik could work his hair up to fine angles over such dogdom. And plenty of effusive epitaphs can be read. Still simple interment with a simple stone marker doesn't cost so much; and high on the knoll, the Nob Hill end of the cemetery with private lots, distinct from the lowly single graves at the other end, you notice an unusually well cut headstone chased with a design of morning glories:

BUM.  
Ever Faithful  
At Rest.

E. TRAVIS.

And a date. E. Travis must be the Fifth Avenue glass of fashion! The superintendent corrects you.

"That man was a night watchman over in White Plains. 'Is dog used to

be 'is company of nights. 'Ed 'eard of this place, and when it died 'e wanted it 'e 'ave as good as any. Paid for it 50 cents a week. Come, now and then, to sit there by the grave. And see this one over 'ere? The girl's a typewriter in Hartsdale. It only shows what people will do for an animal."

"They might do worse," you acknowledge, contemplating the resting place of Bum.

"Oh, indeed they might!" agrees the superintendent, his quiet reserve relaxing just a little. He is a good man, is this Thomas Hunt, with the loving artistry of the English gardener. He doesn't, you gather, approve altogether of everything some bereft owners have indulged in. But he is too loyal to say so, and if you are there to sneer root and branch at the idea of a canine cemetery you will incur his personal as well as his business disapproval.

He gives you a rose for your button-hole. It grew near Bum's grave.

"A party in here yesterday," says a woman smartly dressed, who is playing the hose on a plot near by while her chauffeur waits, "went around guffawing at everything. I told Mr. Hunt that people like that ought to be turned out!"

Her plot is one of the most "desirable" on the knoll. She motors from Stamford three and four times a week to give it attention. On one side are evergreens, on the other flowers. Here is the inscription on the stone:

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## Wonders of Ancient Hellbrunn Gardens

THE origin of the beautiful gardens of Hellbrunn (a suburb of Salzburg, Austria) dates back to Archbishop Marcus Sittich in 1613.

These gardens are indeed unique with their "trick" water works. At first glimpse one imagines himself in fairyland, where little beds of flowers monopolize the centre circles and infant trees surround them.

Many fountains play over these flower beds, while in other sections they spray the twigs and narrow moss-like passageways. Tiny goldfish ponds, embedded and perfumed by the scent of blossoms clinging to the sides, form a distinct contrast to the sombre groves which overlook them.

Also small white statues of interest are to be found, representing Neptune, Rainbow, Fairy and Orpheus. The first is reputed to possess 5,000 jets or outlets from which fountains may be formed at the command of the person in charge, and this is a beautiful sight when the sun sheds its glowing rays upon them.

But when a tourist visits the Hellbrunn gardens an amiable disposition is essential, due to the fact that it pleases the man at the water works to suddenly send forth a ray of fountain dew from the eyes or mouth of the statue you are so keenly admiring. Even from the fingertips or invisible holes in the head of the figures this is possible, and when just about to scrutinize a grotto of some particular note a curtain of water is apt instantaneously to separate you from it. It is really marvellous how in every nook of the garden these little outlets play such clever parts.

Dear Park surrounds the gardens and over a large wooden knoll a building termed the Monastasschloessen is

erected. A gorgeous view of the country for miles may be had from this spot.

Crossing a rustic wooden bridge the Stone Theatre is reached. The chief feature of this is a naturally formed stage and auditorium. It is rightfully named, for every detail is of white stone. This theatre was used in ancient times for pastoral plays, performed for the benefit of Archbishops and the elite of neighboring towns.

And comes the most marvelous thing anywhere of its kind, namely, the Mechanical Theatre. This enchanted folk of all ages and descriptions and leaves one in wonderment concerning its workings. A long railing separates the eager and enthusiastic visitor from the stage of the

playhouse, inasmuch that it is only a dwarf like structure. On a low, firm and comparatively huge flat rock a small theatre is placed with two sides, a background and a roof. This leaves the front entirely open and the observer has full view of the interior. As before stated everything in Hellbrunn is run by waterpower and thus the 150 figures on the stage are forced to sing, dance or otherwise act by this means.

The small artificial personages are attired in sixteenth and seventeenth century costumes, and the stage is divided into small compartments. The performance begins by two dancers stepping forward, moving about in full like fashion, keeping their feet in rhythmic motion to the music of the

organ which has the harmonious sound of the pumping of the water engine in the cemetery. The grace of the dancers, so far as head, hand and foot movement is concerned, is remarkable, considering they are mere wooden figures.

Following this a jester appears with his three pointed cap and attempts various tricks. His attitude and mannerisms are perfect and the cynical smile on his face is truly typical. The long, pointed clawed shoes are in evidence and he seems well satisfied with himself.

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